

Poetry Series

# Emmanuel Vallie

## - poems -



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# Chapters Of Healing

Perhaps, then again perhaps not. But the sun will shine tomorrow. The pain will be there but the dosage will be less. Every hour that passes by, it be less painful. Then the heart will be accustomed. It will beat less, feel less, reminisce less. Then one day, it will die. Without any warning, without any consent. That's how we close the chapter to the things we lose never to return. A new chapter then opens called healing. The scars remain but we heal. And heal we must. For who knows what time is left on our clock of life.

Emmanuel Vallie



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# To The Weary Soul

Live

Breath

Inhale, Exhale

Am trying to find paradise like an ex-hell

The lost sheep in the wilderness searching for his shepherd

The return of a prodigal son

Live

Learn

Mistakes are the best teacher

Take notes on do not's

For opportunity cost

I hope the expense will not be a burden

Live

Do not survive

Live

Have hope

For a little does a lot

Have a faith of seed

To embrace darkness knowing that, that is where growth starts

Emmanuel Vallie

# Onset Of A Dream

Aspirations

The pen on blank slate  
Trembling fingers and a doubtful mind  
The bones in the dry valley waiting for a whisper  
Build me some muscle  
And breathe a soul into my nostrils  
Let me live

The onset of dream  
Is it a wish or a will?  
Desire so passionate  
That breathes soul into its nostrils  
Watch as I take this baby steps  
And grow with time  
As you nature me

The onset of dream  
Is it jealous?  
Or admiration  
That sparked a flame within your heart  
To drive you mad and chase the wind with a plastic bag  
Just to grab your own and own  
The servant turning into a master

The onset of dream  
When I grow up  
What is to become of me  
For even the grown up ask  
What am I to become  
The onset of dreams  
Wooing reality to become alive like a seed

Poet: Emmanuel Vallie

Emmanuel Vallie

# I Think I Have Died More Times Than I Can Remember

I think I have died more times than I can remember  
Each time these walls close  
It's a casket  
And my bucket list seems to fade

I think I have died more times than I can remember  
Each time these walls close  
It's a dying umbilical cord  
The life only hoped for never to be lived

I think I have died more times than I can remember  
Each time these walls close  
It's a dying man  
Losing hope in the tunnel of mistakes and regrets

I think I have died more times than I can remember  
Each time these walls close  
It's a suicidal mind  
And a man yet to seize to exist

I think I have died more times than I can remember  
Yet somehow my soul answers a call each day to resurrect like lazarus  
See life from an eagles eye  
Redefine life from the rock bottom as I rise like a flower growing from the concrete

I think I have died more times than I can remember  
I think I can also live more times and surely remember  
That from the darkness, a seed grows  
And surely exist once again

Emmanuel Vallie

# Fading Dream

They say if you want it, it's yours for the taking  
The picture in the canvas  
The will of the hand to escribe what the mind envisioned  
The pencil, the ink

They say if you want it, it's yours for the taking  
The open road  
The will of the feet to trod upon the unmarked ground  
Leaving marks behind as steps turn into a journey for the destiny which was  
bound

They say if you want it, it's yours for the taking  
The Malawian dream televised  
As we awake to the sound of a roaster  
Tell the wise, food for thought, enlighten these lazy hands to fish

They say if you want it, it's yours for the taking  
But you didn't take it  
Cause it was a want not a need  
If you needed it  
Your hands could have painted  
Your feet could have taken the journey  
And you could have learnt how to fish  
Now it's not yours for the taking

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# Love Is...

I saw tears from a single mother caressing down her cheeks  
But this intimacy  
It wasn't the one she was looking for  
So she took a handkerchief  
And wipe them off  
I thought to myself  
How dreadful it is to be a man and bring such pain

I saw a father  
Eyes red  
Committed with a ring on his finger  
Yet his face expressed an emotion of regret  
The thing of the past once sweet wonder how it turned sour  
Reminiscing of old lovers by the mango tree  
And i thought to myself  
Love is painful

I saw a son  
Head over hills matching towards love like a sheep to be slaughtered  
I saw the single mother  
The marital father  
Run towards the son  
Both grabbed the son by the hand and pulled him back, saying 'No Son'  
I saw old lovers  
Educate their son about love  
And i thought  
Love is complicated

Emmanuel Vallie

# Rewriting The Story

There is a story to be told

Ears to lend

Hearts to listen

While the mind wonders

Eyes to see

These tales of old dogs stopping to wag their tails for their masters

As they unleash the chains from their necks

Something about freedom and not being slaves

A reminisce of their old life i guess

To say they barked at the wrong tree might be sheer nonsense

Emmanuel Vallie



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# From The Ashes

The sun is shining  
The birds are singing  
The fish are swimming  
The wind is blowing  
And you and i are breathing and living

Cast your burdens to Him who care  
Let him cover you up more than the lotion, Body Care  
For he nourishes not just the body but soul too  
Even though sometimes we can be fools  
Yet in his hands we can be the greatest tools

Struggle if you must  
But don't lose sight  
That the world is full of seasons  
Even though we pass through the harshest weathers  
Take note, He fulfils his promises and makes it all better

Stay and have hope  
Even if it is the slimmest  
Hold on to that rope  
Climb as you must  
Life is in the ups and downs.

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# In The Meantime

The future can be unpredictable  
Even the blueprint be layed with concrete bricks  
Earthquake can shake and rip apart the strongest building to the ground  
What is becomes what was  
You can dwell on the loss or rise to rebuild  
In the meantime  
When life hits a wall and you fall  
Should and could have's  
Let them not build a camp in your mind  
Set forth  
Follow the smallest path  
For even the smallest rivers made the lakes and the oceans

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